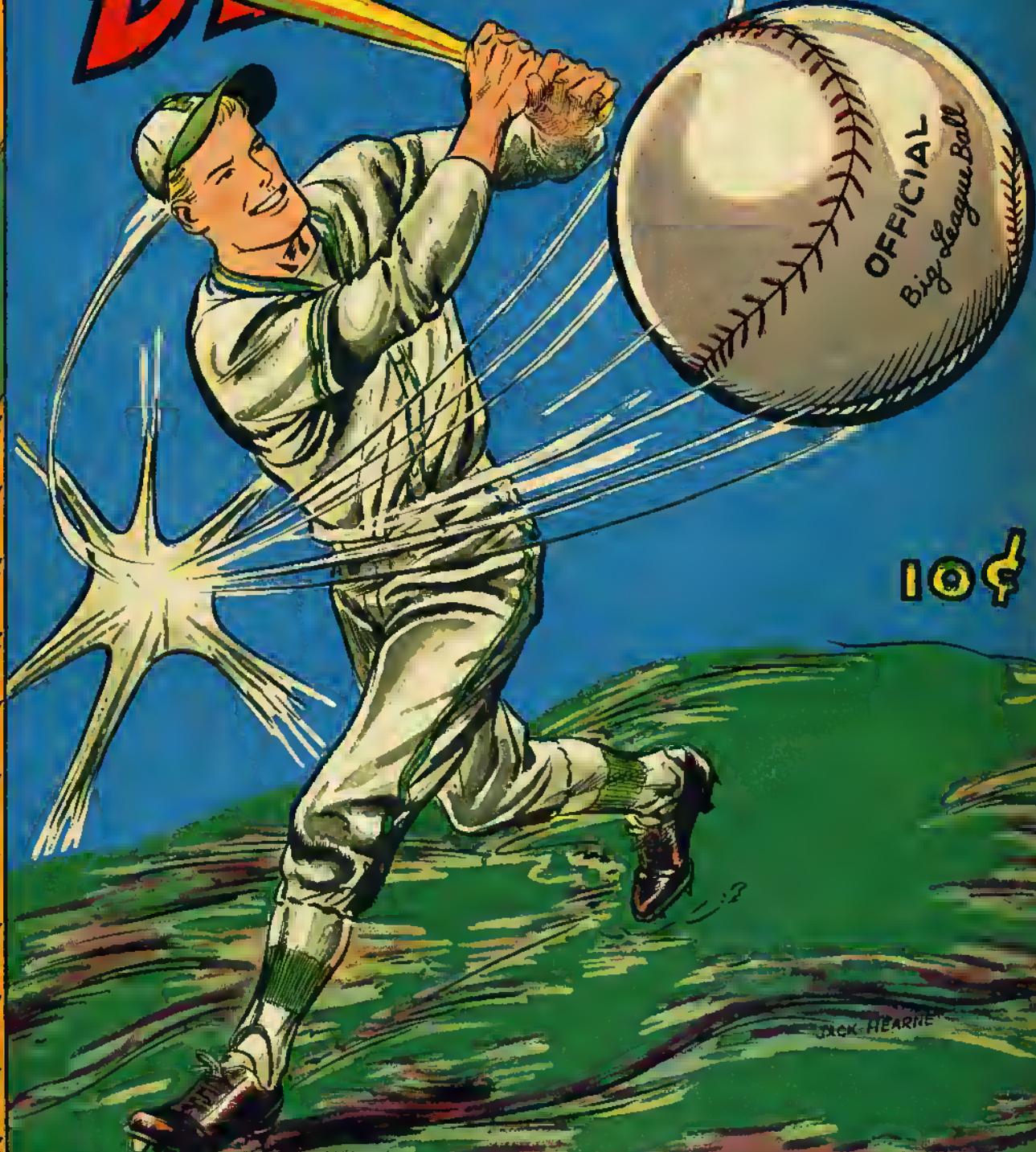


JUNE

RAVE BOLT

C
JUNE

ROB MCGR



10¢

JACK HEARNE

VOL. 8 - NO. 1

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

The Boys' Clubs of America today number 260, with over a quarter of a million boy members throughout the country.

In their own clubhouses, boys from 8 to 20 years of age find safe and constructive activities and good leaders. The Clubs in larger cities are located where housing congestion is greatest. Smaller cities and towns have placed their Clubs where they are accessible to all the boys in the community.

The established principle in either case is that any boy can join and any boy can afford to belong. All the Clubs are open to members every day after school and in the evening. No member need find recreation and companionship elsewhere.

Each Boys' Club is a self-governing organization controlled by adult citizens and financed by the public, either directly or through the Community Chests. Control, leadership, and membership are non-sectarian.

These Boys' Clubs pay dividends to their communities and to the nation. Their physical training and health activities produce stronger and healthier men. For a nation which prides itself on its production lines, the production of strong minds and healthy bodies should be a top priority.

How about it, gang! Let's get behind the Boys' Clubs of America and keep the production line rolling.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Jim Wilcox is the best artist in the business. I've never seen any other book with artist's work such as his. You should give him a raise.

Why don't you have some stories where Laura enters a contest? Then Dick Cole can cheer her.

The new story, "Rick Richards," is very interesting in the January issue. Do we get to see more of him?

In closing I have only to say that no finer book than BLUE BOLT has been published.

Yours truly,
Bob Norton
Richmond, Calif.

We know Jim will appreciate your kind words, Bob. As for Laura, she and Dick will team up in a thrilling adventure sometime in the near future. And you'll also see more of "Rick Richards."

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT comics for two years, and I think it is one of the best comic magazines on the market. However, I think there could be some improvements.

Why not have Farr lose a game once in a while? After all, a team can't win every time. The art work, though, is excellent.

"Rick Richards," in my opinion, is a lot better than "Sergeant Spook."

In the January issue you show Eddie Bell and Jerry using rifles. It's my understanding that you must be at least sixteen to use a rifle. I didn't think Eddie and Jerry were that old.

A faithful reader,
Carl Moore
Hudson, N. Y.

We have a story on the way, Carl, in which Farr loses the maneuver. Eddie and Jerry are old enough to use rifles.

* * *

Dear Editors:

It is just lately that I have discovered your magazine. I think it is swell, except for Krisko and Jasper. I really don't hate them, but couldn't

you make them more real and lively? My friends and I will appreciate it very much.

I especially enjoy your Q's and A's. My favorite characters are Edison Bell, Dick Cole, and the Fearless Fellers. Next come Sergeant Spook and Blue Bolt.

Thank you for publishing this swell comic book. Good luck and aloha.

A reader,
Takeko Shimokawa
Kauai, Hawaii

We're trying to put a little more punch into Krisko and Jasper. Takeko. They probably won't appear as often in the future, but when they do, we hope you'll like them better.

* * *

Dear Editors:

First of all, congratulations on a good book. BLUE BOLT has always been one of my favorites. I've only one complaint. Where was Sergeant Spook in the February issue? On a vacation?

From Jim Bertin's letter, you'd think you were supposed to be astronomers. We all make mistakes.

Why not a full book on Dick Cole? If this is impossible, ditch Krisko and Jasper. Edison Bell is getting better every issue.

A perfectly satisfied reader,
Jack Richardson
Laekawanna, N. Y.

Right you are, Jack. Spook and Jerry were on a vacation in February.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading BLUE BOLT for the first time. I enjoyed it very much. The stories I liked best were "Dick Cole" and "Sergeant Spook." I would like to see more of them. These stories are very thrilling and exciting.

I shall always read BLUE BOLT from now on.

A faithful reader,
Rose Boilhansingh
Catasauqua, Pa.

Glad to have you with us, Rose.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX

WELL, HOW
IS THE PATIENT
TODAY?

9

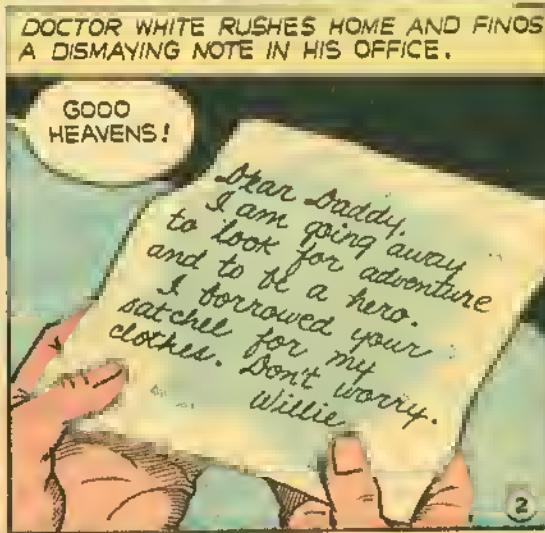
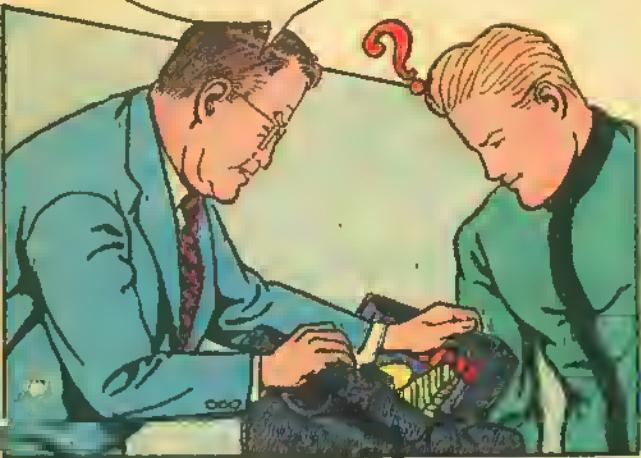
MUCH BETTER,
DOC. I'M ALMOST
READY TO TAKE
ON DICK IN A
HUNDRED YARD
DASH!

D
ICK IS VISITING
SLIPRY, LAID UP WITH A
TOUCH OF FLU IN THE FARR
MILITARY ACADEMY INFIRMARY,
WHEN DOCTOR WHITE
ENTERS.

FIRST
WE'LL HAVE A
LITTLE CHECKUP,
SLIPRY.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

BLUE BOLT, Vol. 8, No. 1, June, 1947, published monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1947 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

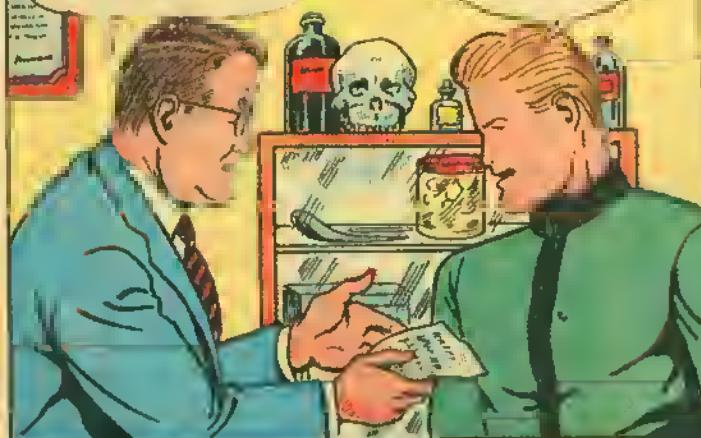


QUESTION
No. 1. Which side adopted the white rose in the Wars of The Roses?

HOW AWFUL ! WILLIE TOOK THE WRONG SATCHEL, THE ONE WITH THE RADIUM ! HE'LL GET FATAL BURNS !

BUT, DOCTOR, ISN'T THE RADIUM IN A PROTECTIVE CASE ?

CERTAINLY... BUT WILLIE IS TOO NOSY FOR HIS OWN GOOD ! AS SOON AS HE DISCOVERS WHAT'S IN THE SATCHEL, HE'LL TAKE IT APART ... AND GET BURNED !

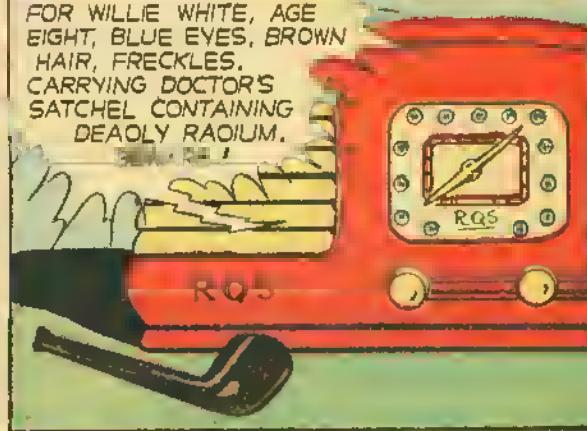


THEN WE'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM PRONTO ! HELLO ! GIVE ME THE POLICE ! EMERGENCY !



SOON, THE POLICE AND STATE TROOPERS SPREAD THE ALARM OVER THE ENTIRE AREA.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WILLIE WHITE, AGE EIGHT, BLUE EYES, BROWN HAIR, FRECKLES, CARRYING DOCTOR'S SATCHEL CONTAINING DEADLY RADIUM.



THE CADETS VOLUNTEER TO HELP IN THE EMERGENCY.

YES, WE NEED MORE MEN TO BLANKET THE AREA COMPLETELY. DO YOU HAVE A CAR ?

WE CAN GET ONE.

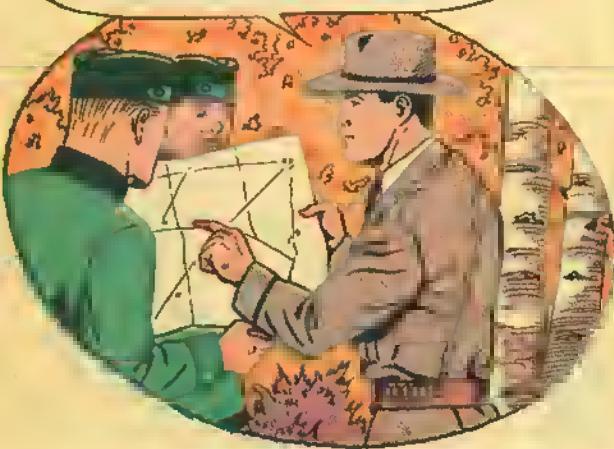
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ?

IT LOOKS LIKE A GEIGER COUNTER.



RIGHT, IT'S VERY SENSITIVE TO ANY RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT. THE CLOSER THIS MACHINE GETS TO STUFF LIKE RADIUM THE FASTER AND LOUDER IT CLICKS !

TAKE A GEIGER COUNTER AND COVER THIS AREA. IF WILLIE'S HERE WITH THE RADIUM, THE COUNTER WILL LEAD YOU TO HIM. GOOO LUCK.



TAKING THE GEIGER COUNTER AND MAP, DICK AND TED TODLEY HURRY AWAY.

COACH BRADLY MAY LENNO US HIS STATION WAGON, DICK.

LET'S GO!



BACK AT FARR, COACH BRADLY, LUCKILY, HAS JUST COME IN FROM THE GOLF COURSE.

CERTAINLY YOU CAN HAVE IT, BOYS. DOC WHITE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. HOP RIGHT IN!



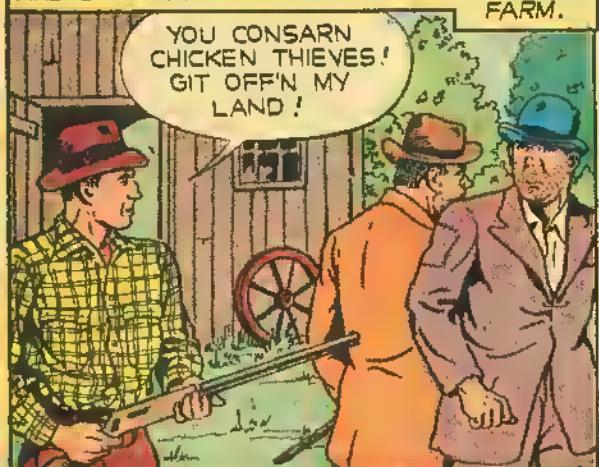
HEY, DICK. COACH BRADLY LEFT HIS CLUBS IN THE CAR.

THEY'LL BE OKAY. WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW.



MEANWHILE, TWO HOBOES, PETE AND WAMPY, ARE BEING MARCHED OFF A WEST HOPETON FARM.

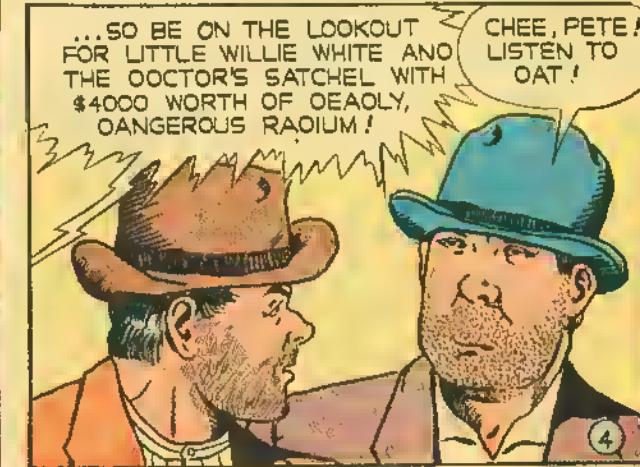
YOU CONSARN CHICKEN THIEVES! GIT OFF'N MY LAND!



ANOTHER BROADCAST ABOUT WILLIE IS TUNED IN BY THE FARMER'S WIFE, AND WAFTS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

...SO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR LITTLE WILLIE WHITE AND THE DOCTOR'S SATCHEL WITH \$4000 WORTH OF DEADLY, DANGEROUS RADIUM!

CHEE, PETE! LISTEN TO DAT!



QUESTION No. 2. Did a man or woman determine the precise atomic weight of radium?



SOON, AT A NEAR-BY HOBO JUNGLE.

YUMMM !
THAT'S GOOD !
THIS IS THE
LIFE !

YEAH ! HOW ABOUT
GOIN' WID' US TO
BIG CITY ? IT'S A
GOOD PLACE FOR
A KID.

GOSH ! I'D LOVE TO GO THERE
WITH YOU ! TWO HOBOES ! THIS
IS REAL ADVENTURE !



AT THAT MOMENT, ONLY A FEW HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY.

DICK ! LISTEN !
WE'VE PICKED UP
SOME RADIOACTIVE
WAVES !



FOLLOWING THE RAPIDLY INCREASING
CLICKS, DICK TURNS UP A SIDE ROAD
TOWARD THE JUNGLE.

WE CAN'T BE
FAR NOW ! CALL
TO WILLIE,
TED !



WILLIE !
WILLIE WHITE !
COME HERE,
WILLIE !

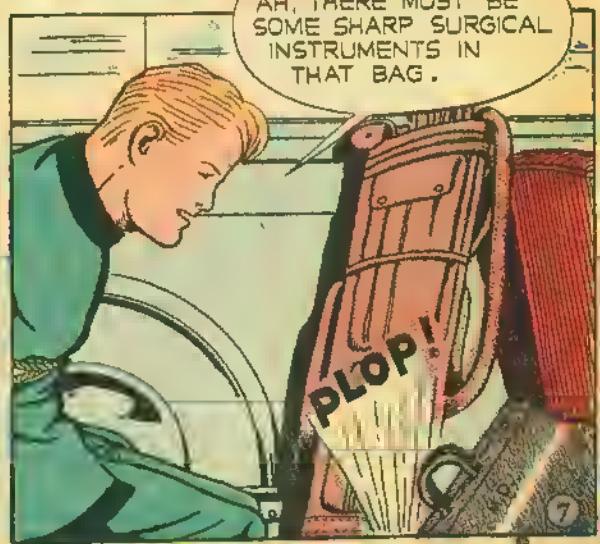
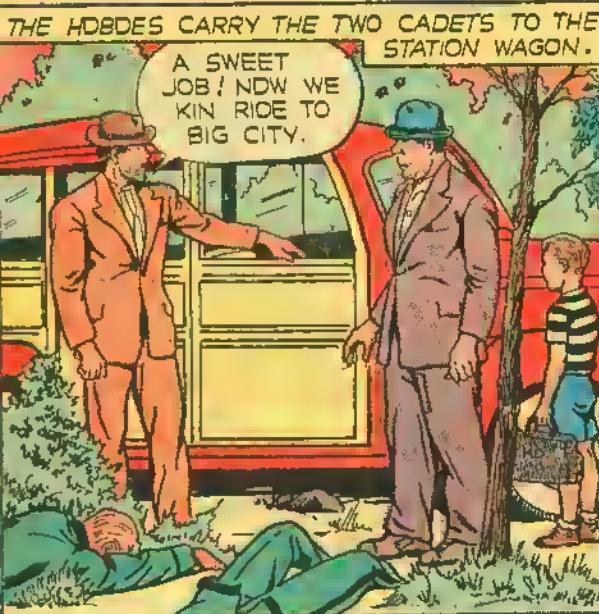


AW, SHUCKS !
NOW I CAN'T
DO IT :
CITY !

DON'T WORRY, KID. WE
WON'T LET A PAL DOWN.
COME ON, WAMPY ! HERE
COMES SOMEBODY
THROUGH DA BUSHES !

THE UNSUSPECTING CADETS PUSH THROUGH
THE HEAVY BRUSH.
COME ON, WILLIE !
BE A SPORT ! WE KNOW
WHERE YOU ARE
...OOOH !





DROPPING TO THE FLOOR, DICK UNZIPS THE BAG WITH HIS TEETH!



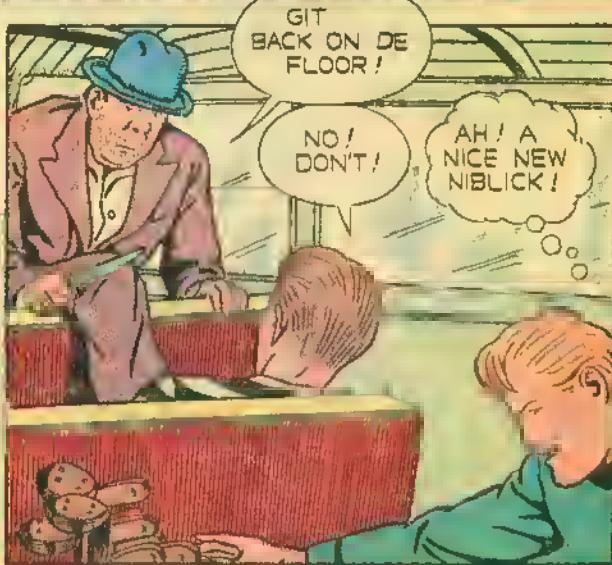
HE FUMBLES IN THE BAG FOR AN INSTRUMENT.



DICK FINALLY FINDS A SCALPEL AND AWKWARDLY SAWs TED'S BONDS. TED, FREE OF THE BONDS, REVIVES AND CUTS DICK LODSE, BUT...



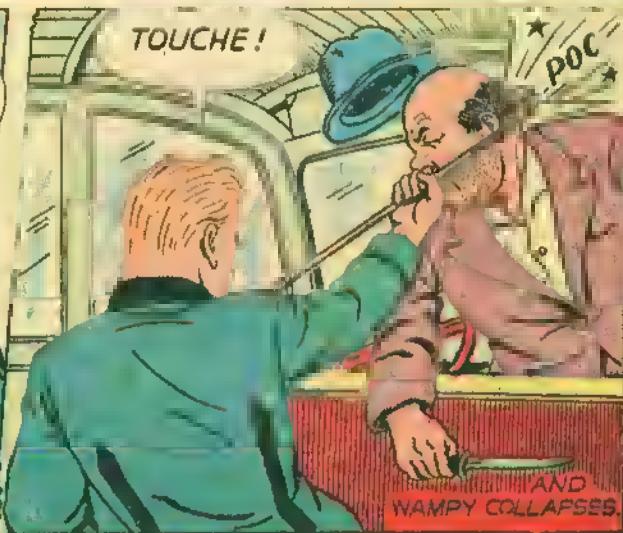
AT THIS MOMENT WAMPY TURNS AROUND.



DICK PARRIES A VIOCIOUS LUNGE BY WAMPY.



TOUCHE!



QUESTION No. 4. Is touche a golf term or a fencing term?

PETE BRINGS THE CAR TO AN ABRUPT STOP.



BUT DICK IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.

NOW WE'LL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE !



LATER.

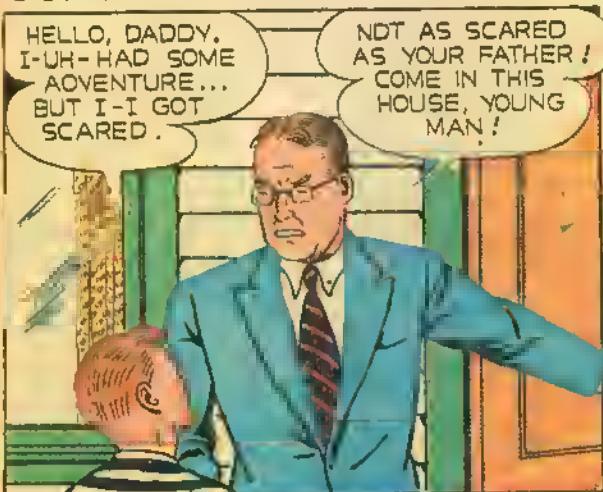
THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, COLE. WE COULD USE MEN LIKE YOU AS TROOPERS !



DICK AND TED ESCORT WILLIE TO HIS HOME.

HELLO, DADDY. I-UH-HAD SOME ADVENTURE... BUT I-I GOT SCARED .

NDT AS SCARED AS YOUR FATHER ! COME IN THIS HOUSE, YOUNG MAN !



WAA-WAA-YEOW ! YES, DADDY ! OW ! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN ! YAA-AAA !

WILLIE WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT FOR A WEEK !

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S REALLY GETTING THE HOT SEAT !



START COLLECTING THESE NIFTY BIRD PICTURES *NOW!*

WANT TO SWAP?

I'LL GIVE YOU
A ROBIN FOR A
WOODPECKER!



Be the first on your street to start collecting these prizes—beautiful, colorful, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inch bird pictures by a famous American illustrator. Twenty-four in all—one in every package of Kellogg's Krumbles! No waiting . . . nothing to mail in. Just open the box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize!

Kellogg's Krumbles taste so crisp and malty you'll want to eat it for breakfast, lunch, and supper. Mothers like it too because it's made from nutritious whole wheat. Ask for a box today!

P.S. If you want an album to paste your pictures in, see side panel of Krumbles package for instructions on how to get one.



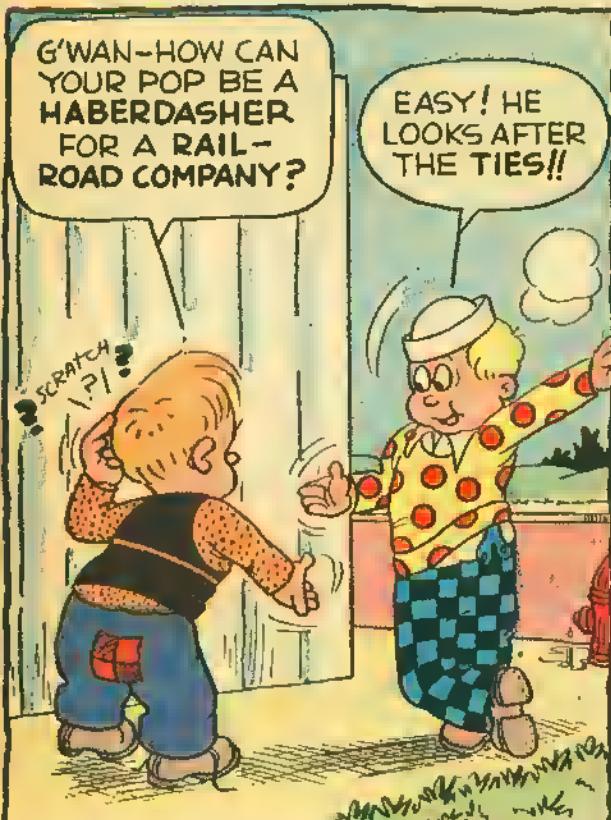
Kellogg's KRUMBLES—*a picture in every package*

©1951, BY KELLOGG CO

G'WAN—HOW CAN
YOUR POP BE A
HABERDASHER
FOR A RAIL-
ROAD COMPANY?

EASY! HE
LOOKS AFTER
THE TIES!!

SCRATCH
?/?



WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF MY
VOICE, HUH?

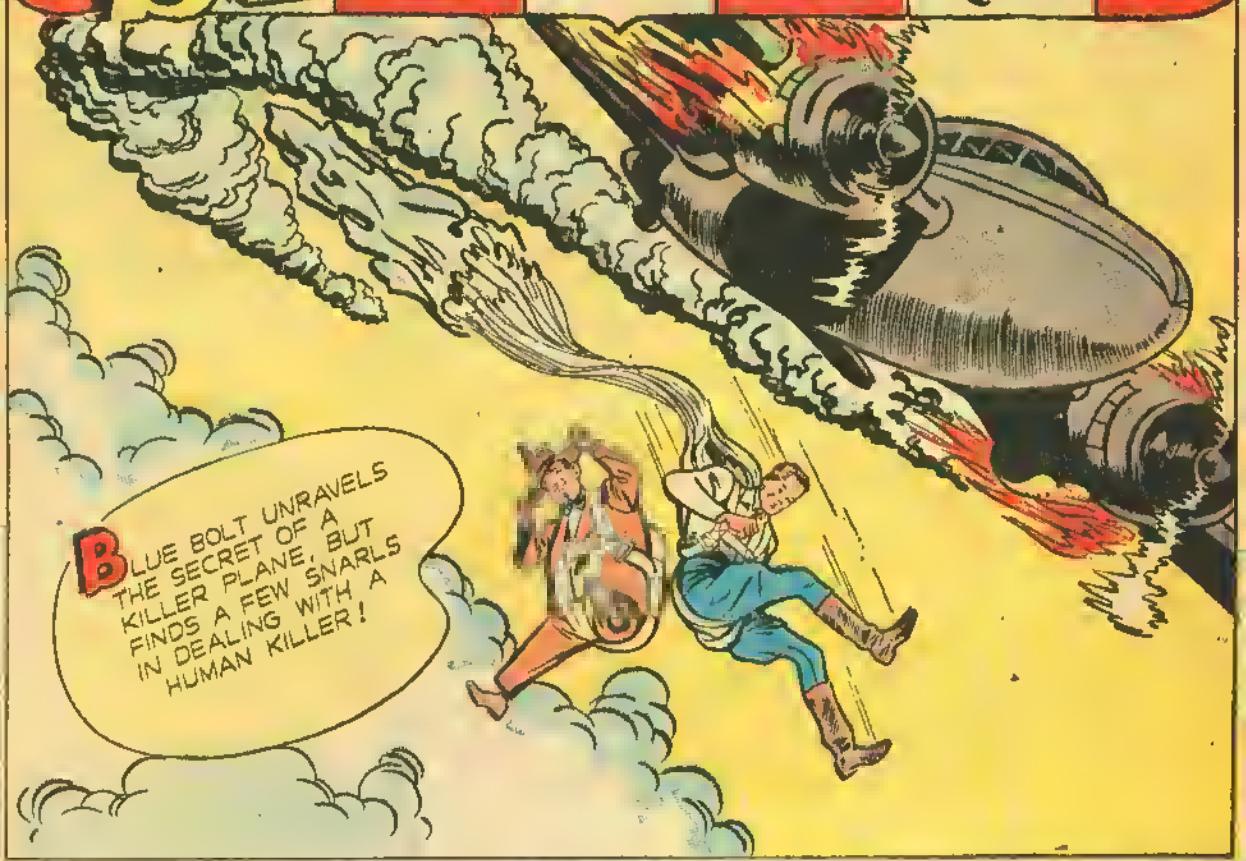
WELL, BING CROSBY
HAS SOME VOICE,
BUT YOURS IS
BETTER STILL!!

© 1951 HAMMER

BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



REPORTERS MOB BLUE BOLT BEFORE HE TAKES OFF IN A GIANT "SKIPPER" TRANSPORT.



OH, WE'RE JUST OUT FOR FUN. I'M EXPERIMENTING WITH SOME DIVES THAT WILL BOUNCE SNAP AGAINST THE CEILING!

NOT AGAIN!



BLUE BOLT

QUIT KIDDING, BLUE BOLT. I HEARD ALL SKIPPERS WERE GROUNDED... AND THEY OUGHTA BE! YOU TWO ARE COMMITTING SUICIDE! WHY?

NO ONE COULD FIND THE CAUSE OF THESE CRASHES BECAUSE THE PLANES ALWAYS BURNED TO A CRISP... BUT WE AIM TO GET THE EVIDENCE AND BAIL OUT WITH IT!



YEAH. WE GOT CAMERAS AND GADGETS ALL SET UP. WHEN SOMETHING SNAFUS WE'LL RECORD IT.

IT'S STILL SUICIDE! WHAT ELSE IS IN IT FOR YOU?



JUST A DARN GOOD YARN FOR *GLIMPSES*, THE PICTURE MAG. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE!

A MOMENT LATER...



AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT...

HO HUM! LOOKS LIKE WE PICKED A DUD, BOLT! SHE RUNS PERFECT!



QUESTION
No. 5.

Is a crash boat a type of ram?

IT'S THE MURDOCK
ELECTRICAL CONNECTION!
FILM IT, SNAP!

IN A SPLIT-SECOND, FLAMES ARE EATING AT
THE PLANE!

YIPE! I'VE GOT
IT! LET'S SCRAM
BEFORE IT GETS
US!

NOT A CHANCE
TO SAVE THE
PLANE. BAIL
OUT, SNAP!

THE FLAMING PLANE PLUMMETS INTO A LAKE!

ULP! I'M
SURE GLAD
I MISSED
THAT!

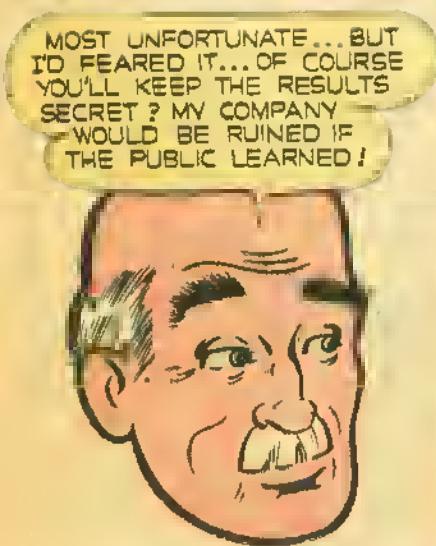
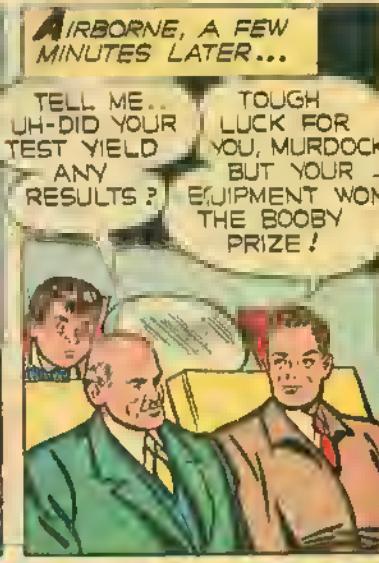
WE'RE DRIFTING
TOWARD LAND,
FORTUNATELY!

SOON...

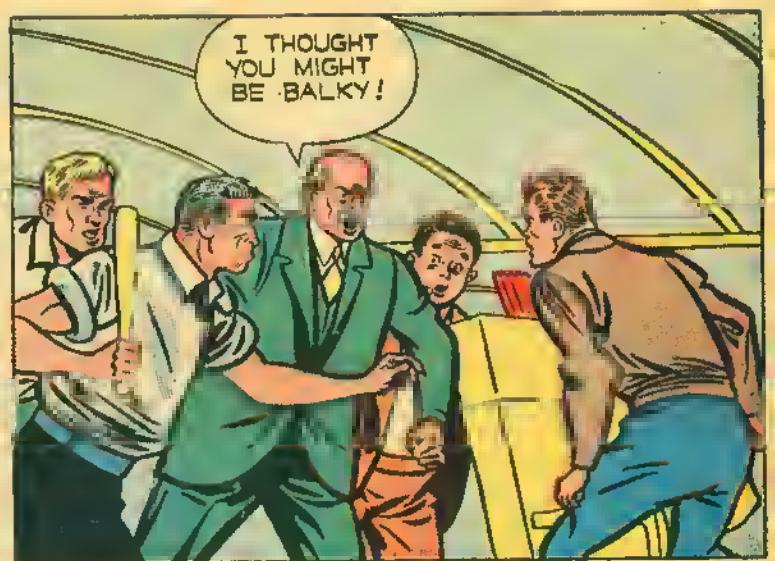
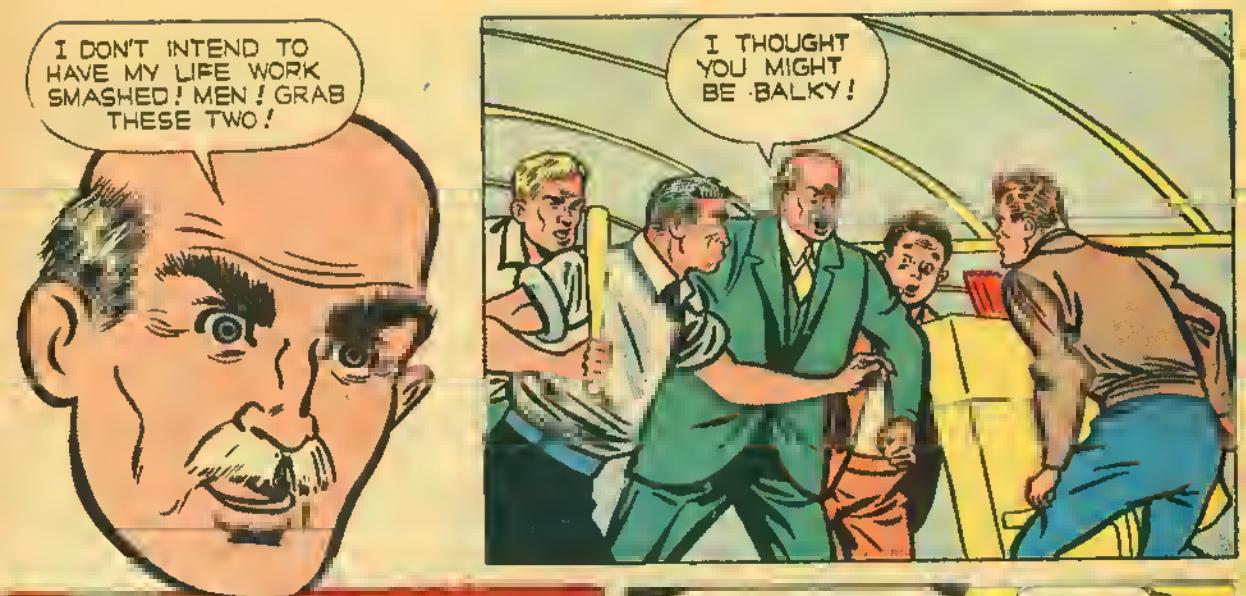
GEE! WE'RE
IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE!
IT'S A DAY'S
HIKE TO THE
NEAREST TOWN!

YES, BUT
YOUR FILMS
TELL THE
WHOLE STORY
OF THE FATAL
DEFECT IN
SHIPS!

ANSWER
No. 5. **It is a speedboat used to rescue flyers from the water.**



QUESTION
No. 6. Is there actually a bird called a booby?



ANSWER: Yes. There are several varieties of tropical sea birds called boobies.

BLUE BOLT TAKES OVER !

TAKE IT EASY,
LADS ! IF ANYONE
GETS TOO GAY...
WE ALL CRASH !

MURDOCK'S INSANE RAGE OVERCOMES HIS
COMMON SENSE !

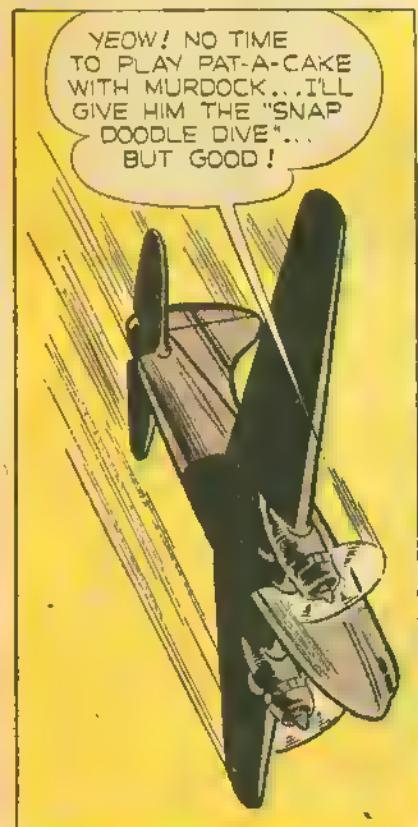
I'LL
KILL
HIM !

BOLT !
LOOK
OUT !



YEOW ! NO TIME
TO PLAY PAT-A-CAKE
WITH MURDOCK... I'LL
GIVE HIM THE "SNAP
DOODLE DIVE"...
BUT GOOD !

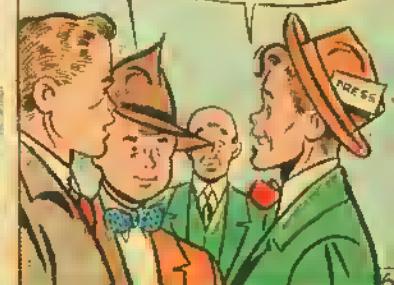
IT WORKED ! TOSSED
'EM AT THE CEILING
LIKE A BUNCH OF
TENNIS BALLS... BUT
THEY WON'T BOUNCE !



LATER...

AND WE WERE
ALL KAYOED BY
BLUE BOLT'S STUNT !
BUT I DON'T CARE
IF MY HEAD ACHES.
I JUST WANT TO
SEE THESE CLUCKS
IN THE CLINK !

AND YOU GOT
DATA THAT WILL
MAKE THE
SKIPPERS INTO
SAFE PLANES ? YOU
GUYS SURE MADE
A SAP OUTTA ME
... BUT I'M GLAD
OF IT !

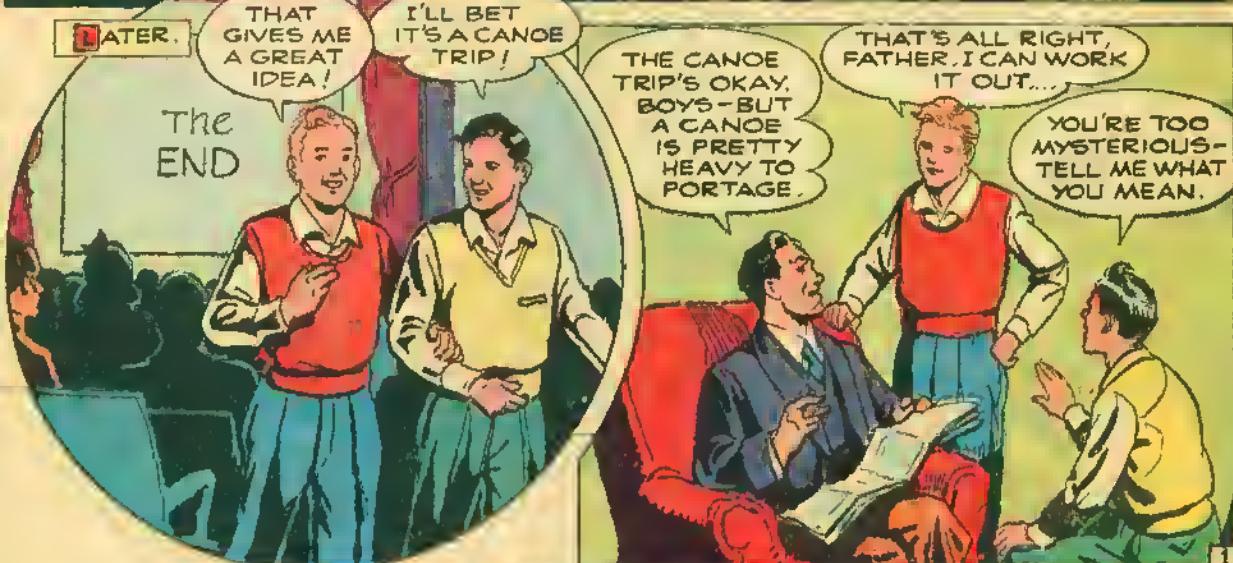


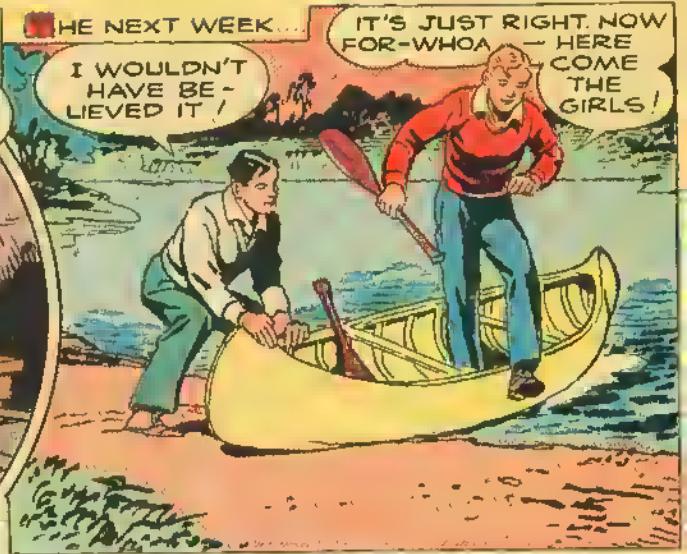
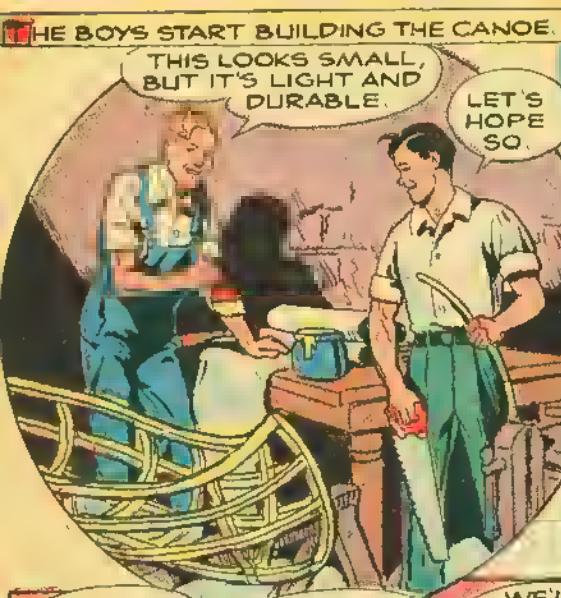
BLUE BOLT

Edison Bell

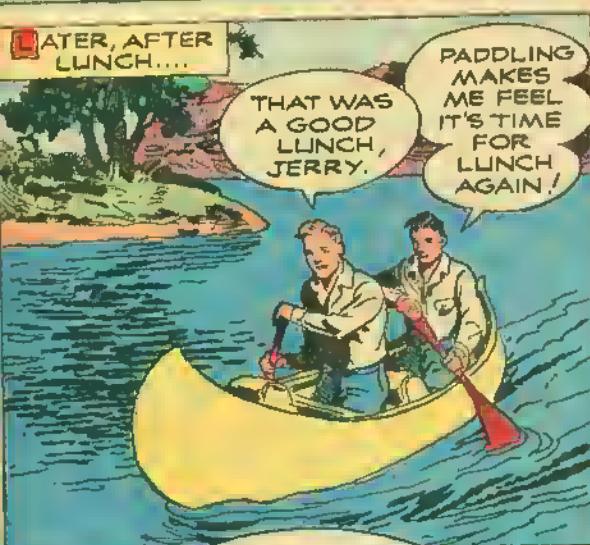


EDISON BELL AND HIS FRIEND JERRY ARE IMPRESSED BY A MOVIE TRAVELOGUE OF CANOEING IN THE CANADIAN WILDS.





QUESTION No. 7. What have these articles in common: rucksack, knapsack, haversack?



ANSWER
NO. 7.

They are types of bags usually worn on the back or slung over the shoulder.

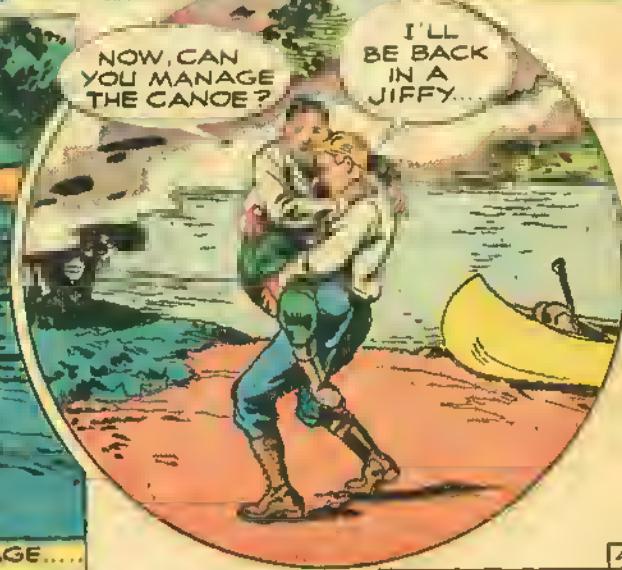
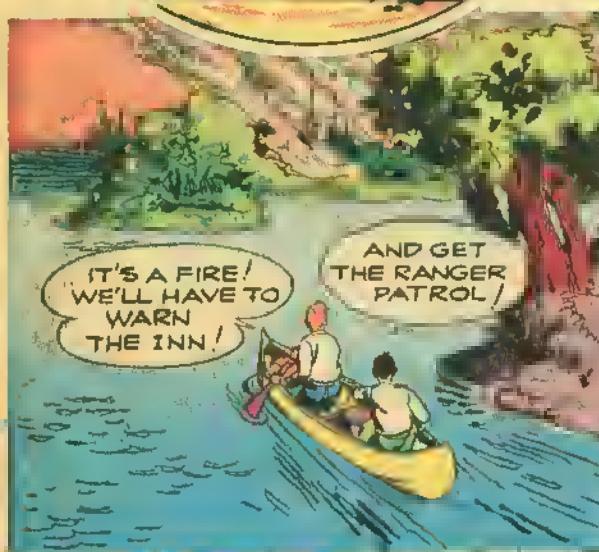
BUT, THE NEXT MORNING.

GOLLY, ED -
I DID A JOB
ON MY ANKLE.
IT MAY BE
BROKEN!

SAY,
WE'D BETTER TURN
BACK!

I SMELL
SMOKE.
MUST BE
OTHER
CAMPERS
HERE.

I DO, TOO.
IT'S
GETTING
STRONGER!



DO THE BOYS PREPARE TO MAKE A PORTAGE....

QUESTION
No. 8. Can you find a skillet on this page?



ANSWER
NO. 2
A
Jerry is holding a skillet in picture one.

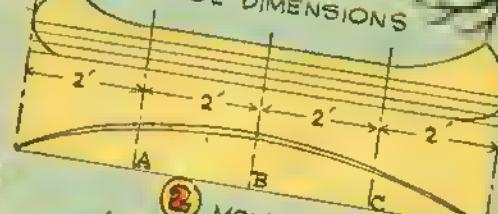
BUILD THIS MIDGET CANOE FOR YEAR-ROUND CAMPING TRIPS....



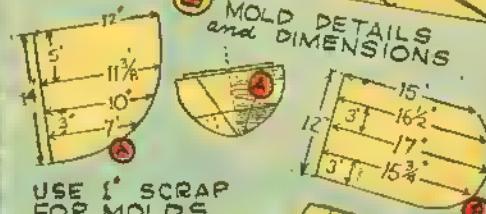
THIS CANOE WILL SEAT ONE MAN WITH CAMPING EQUIPMENT and will take all the punishment a bigger one absorbs and it's easier to carry!

105 CLARKELL

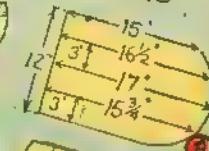
① CANOE DIMENSIONS



② MOLD DETAILS and DIMENSIONS

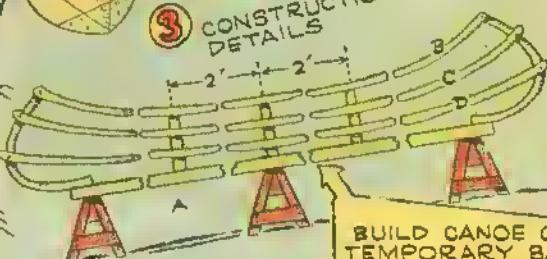


USE 1" SCRAP FOR MOLDS



THESE MOLDS ARE ONLY TEMPORARY...

③ CONSTRUCTION DETAILS



BUILD CANOE ON TEMPORARY BASE and TREBLES (A)

CURVED ENDS MADE OF GREEN ELM... 32" LONG, $1\frac{1}{4}$ " WIDE, AND 1" THICK...

BOTTOM STRIP SCREWED DOWN LIKE THIS

ATTACH SEAT OR SEATS IN THIS WAY

END PIECES ADDED LAST

FORE and AFT ARRANGEMENT OF GUNWALES... MAKE GUNWALES AT LEAST 10 FEET LONG AND TRIM TO FIT...

ATTACH ALL RIBS LIKE THIS, WITH 1" GALVANIZED BRADS. RIBS ARE OF STRIPS OF ELM $1\frac{1}{2}$ " WIDE, $\frac{3}{8}$ " THICK, and LONG ENOUGH TO REACH FROM GUNWALE TO GUNWALE AFTER THE BEND IS MADE...

WHEN RIBS ARE IN, REMOVE MOLDS and PIECES C and D IN (CONSTRUCTION DETAILS) ④

COVER RIBS WITH EXTRA HEAVY CANVAS... FASTEN CANVAS TO THE BOTTOM STRIP and SMOOTH IT AROUND TO THE GUNWALES WITH COPPER TACKS... COAT WITH POWDERED GLUE (MELTED) and PAINT... FINALLY, ADD KEEL STRIP.

SCOOPED—

...the only Purple Heart
Cross Girl and has just been given
the Medal of Freedom
part in the battle
natural
"It is
sex in-
physical
ge is
this
to
was
one
the
lery fire for
Sylvia was under enemy...

PAUL Blanchard had found the way to make crime pay—double! City reporter for the "News-Ledger," he sat reading his latest story on the exploits of the mysterious burglar, the Catman. He had scooped them again! If only the fools knew how thoroughly, for reporter Paul Blanchard and the Catman were the same person!

It was almost too easy, the way his position enabled him to play both ends against the middle. The robberies in themselves were extremely profitable, while his stories of them had earned him several salary increases from the editor. He laughed when he thought how often he had been commended for the accuracy of his reports. That was funny! Who should be better acquainted with the details of a crime than the man who had committed it? And why shouldn't he scoop the other papers? Heck, after living the theft, it was simple to write it up quickly.

He glanced hastily at his watch. Say, it was getting late. Time for him to get busy if he was going to pull

a job tonight. But wait! Let the police serve him as they always did, the fools! He smirked, as he dialed headquarters, at the inequality of their matching wits with him.

"Inspector Dolan?" he purred into the phone. "This is Blanchard of the News-Ledger. What have you got figured on the Catman for tonight? North Side, eh? Yeah, sounds like a good idea. He hasn't been up that way in a long time. Thanks, Dolan . . . and I do mean thanks," he muttered gently, as he hung up the receiver.

Poor, trusting Dolan! He and his precious police force would comb the North Side in vain tonight. The Catman would not be within miles of it! Sure, this was the ideal night to knock over the Meade mansion on the West Side! Oh, he'd get back to the North Side all right—some night when the obliging Dolan was looking elsewhere for him.

Concealed by the shadows, Blanchard hugged the wall of a West Side alley and waited—waited for the light to go off in the ancient

CATMAN CAPTURED

Charges of felonious assault, robbery and violation of the RICO Law. They will...

monstrosity of a house across the street. It was really an ugly place for so exclusive a section, but Blanchard knew his loot would be rich and easy to get. This was the home of the eccentric old millionaire, Dan Meade. Meade was a peculiar old creature, long since retired from any business activity, and living alone in his garish old house, with merely memories and money.

Blanchard shivered in the dampness of the night, then cheered himself with a thought. It would be an unpleasant night for Dolan and his boys, too. And not nearly so profitable! But would that old fool Meade never go to bed? What was he doing up so late, anyhow? Probably counting his money. Well, after tonight, he wouldn't have so much to count. That was certain.

Ah, there it was! The single light had been snapped off and the weather-beaten old house was even gloomier in its total darkness. Blanchard thrilled with a dual professional interest as he crept toward it. This would make both a good rob-

bery and story, likely his biggest haul and yarn at the same time. He'd clean up in cash and also paint a wonderful word picture of the eerie mansion.

The ancient window creaked in protest against his jimmie and he paused, breathing hard. Had old Meade heard? No, all was quiet within. Good! He swung up easily into the room.

Once inside, it was difficult not to gloat. He didn't even need a flashlight. The moon streamed through the window and revealed Meade's safe plainly. Better than that, the safe was of the oldest type imaginable and would yield easily to one as skillful as Blanchard.

Practiced ears listened carefully for the combination as he twisted the dials. There it was! The safe groaned on aged hinges and reluctantly opened to reveal its contents. Such contents! He was rich! Even his wildest dreams had not pictured such a catch as this! Great piles of money, packed in helter-skelter fashion, told him this was, by far, his biggest job.

Absorbed, he failed to hear steps slithering slowly toward him. Slowly and carefully they approached, until a wild cackle broke the silence.

"Get 'em up, Catman! Old Dan Meade's too sly for you! I knew you'd call on

me sooner or later, and I've been waiting for you! Hee! Hee! Just watching and waiting! No—no—not now—oooh!"

Blanchard's shot rang like thunder in the quiet room, and he leaped quickly to one side, expecting retaliation. None came, though—none would ever come from old Dan Meade, lying dead, face down, in the stream of moonlight.

Quickly now! Must be quick! The neighbors must have heard the shot and would call the police. Grab the money and chick across the street into the alley and wait. Wait for the police? Certainly, this was no ordinary crook. This was Blanchard, the Catman.

He waited in the alley and thought of the enormity of his story. It was really big now! Old Dan Meade dead—murdered by the Catman—and he, Paul Blanchard, had an exclusive! Another raise and bonus beckoned! He composed the details of his report as he waited.

The police! He fought back a shiver of fright as he listened to the rapidly approaching sirens. Why be alarmed? They had nothing on him! Look at the fools leap out of the cars, Dolan in the lead. Some chance they had of catching the Catman! He was too clever for a hundred Dolans.

He was casual as he join-

ed the policemen inside the house, and a swagger was discernible as he approached Dolan.

"Catman again?" he asked the Inspector.

"Oh, hello, Blanchard. Yup, it's his work, all right." Dolan sighed and pointed to Meade's body. "Even worse than usual this time. He left a body behind him."

"Gee, that's too bad. Makes it tough on you fellows," Blanchard said, oozing false sympathy. "Mind if I use the phone, Dolan? Gives me a scoop if I get the jump on the other boys, you know. Thanks, Inspector. You're a pal. Hello, City Desk? This is Blanchard. Get this: Catman strikes again! Murder this time! He shot old Dan Meade to death! How's that for a yarn? Some scoop, eh?"

As he hung up, he was startled to see Dolan and the other officers with their revolvers trained on him. They must be joking! They couldn't know—they couldn't!

"Looks like the scoop's on you this time, Blanchard," Dolan snarled. "Dan Meade wasn't shot—he died of a heart attack. Only the Catman knew there was a shot fired—we found it in the wall, and we've also found the Catman—you!"

THE END

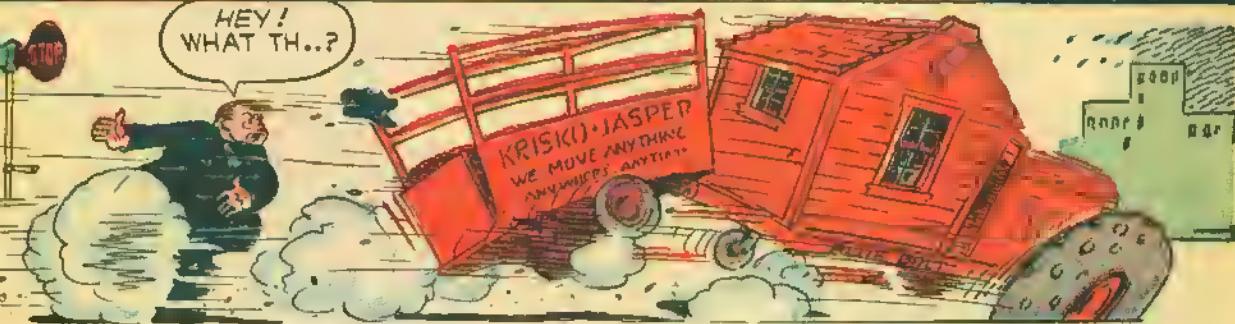
Krisko and Jasper

IT'S JUST A QUIET SATURDAY MORNING ABOARD THE KRISKO AND JASPER MOVING VAN, TILL BUSINESS INTERFERES! BUT WHY SHOULD A BAKERY WANT MOVING MEN?... WELL, MAYBE THEY HEARD OF THE BOYS' FAMOUS SLOGAN... 'WE MOVE ANYTHING ANYWHERE'... BUT THE BOYS'RE ALMOST READY TO SCRAP THE SLOGAN BEFORE THIS DAY'S JOB IS DONE!

HOLO EVERYTHING,
POTNER! WE GOT A
EMERGENCY CALL
T' TH' ROYAL BAKERY.
AN' WE BETTER
START NOW!

UH?... OH, WELL,
MEBBE WE KIN PICK
UP A COUPLA FRESH
ROLLS FOR OUR
BREAKFAST WHILE
WE'RE THAR!

HEY!
WHAT TH...?



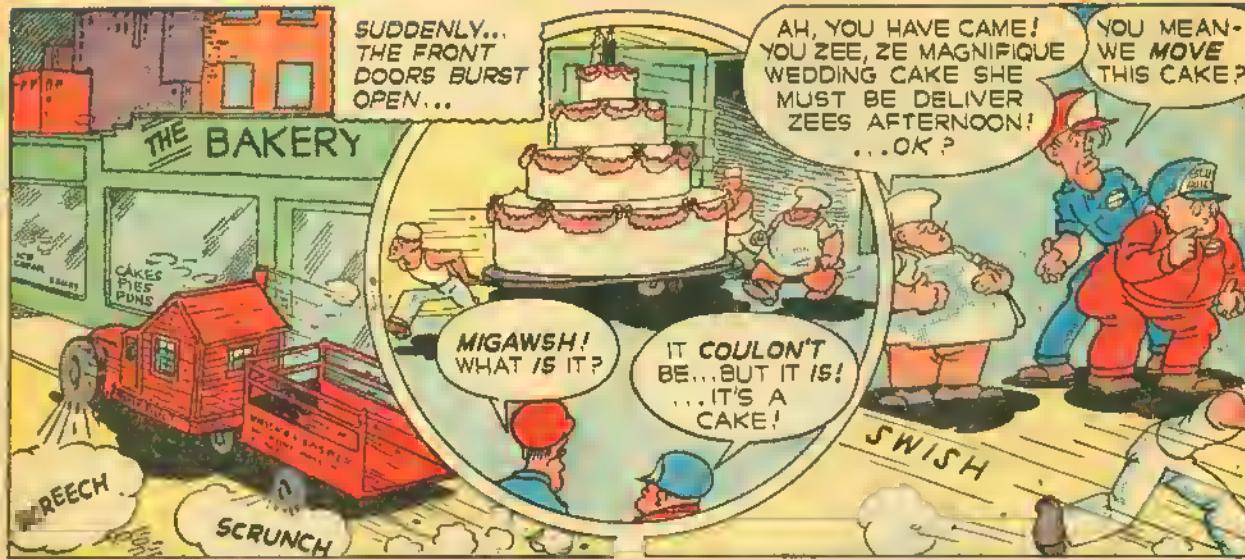
ALL YOU THINK ABOUT'S
EATIN' YOU OL' LAROBUCKET! FAT CHANCE WE HAVE OF
BUILDIN' A REPUTATION FOR SERVICE!

WHAT ABOUT
WRECK TH' OL' BUS
IFN Y' DON'T SLOW DOWN!

THAR'S
THE PLACE!
..WHHEW!

DON'T LOOK
LIKE THEY'RE
MOVIN', DOES
IT?





BUT FINALLY...BY SHEER DINT...THE CONCOCTION BOARDS THE VAN!

ZAT'S FINE!...
NOW SPEED TO ZE
WEEDING PARTY!
ZEY PAY YOU WHEN
YOU ARRIVE.

THAT'S GOT
'ER! NOW WE'RE
ALL SET!

ALL STUCK
YOU MEAN!

SQUISH

KRISKO
WE
ANYTHING
WHERE

IF YOU AINT DISGUSTIN'
YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YER-
SELF SO SICK, Y' CAIN'T
EVEN HELP ME
UNLOAD!

YOU'RE JUST
OPTIMISTICK IFN
YOU THINK ANY-
BODY'S GONNA WANT
THET THAR CAKE...
MIGHT AS WELL EAT
WHUT WE KIN NOW!

APARTMENTS

Y'SURE THIS
HERE'S THE
ADDRESS?

SHURE, THET
CAKE BAKER
BACK THAR SED
IT WUZ BACON
'N DOUGLAS
STREET! THIS
HERE'S IT!

SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH BEARS KRISKO UP
ANO... BOLDLY HE STAGGERS FORWARD!

GOT HER?

YEH...WHOEVER SED
THIS HERE CAKE WUZ
LIGHT, ORTA BE IN
MY SHOES!

IT'S ABSURD!
OF COURSE YOU
CAWN'T GET IT
THROUGH THE
DOOAH!

WE CUD GET IT
THROUGH TH REVOLVIN'
DOOR IF WE CUT IT
INTO SLICES!

GOOD IDEAR!
LET'S CUT IT
ON TH' POLE
HERE!

SCRATCH

SEE?.. THEN WE'LL
JAM TH' TWO SIDES
TGETHER WHEN WE
GET INSIDE.

THIS IS WHUT
I CALL SPLIT-
SECOND TIMIN',
JASPER!

HOW
REVOLTING!

WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?... IS THAT THE CAKE? MAYBE IT WAS THE CAKE!

OUT OF MY WAY, PLEASE!

OH..OH!

SPLAT

HEY!

JUST TAKE IT EASY, KRISKO! WE KIN FIX IT AGAIN!

GREAT JUMPIN' LEAPFROGS! HOW'RE WE GONNA GIT THIS BACK TOGETHER? ...IT'D TAKE A MAGISHUN.

NOW.. SHE'S ALMOST DONE! TAINT SUCH A BAD JOB

OUR FUS' PLASTICK-SURGERY JOB! HEY, JASPER.. MEBBE WE KIN PICK UP SOME EXTRA DOUGH LIFTIN' FACES!

FIFI.. WAIT FOR ME, DEAR!

I'VE PICKED UP ENOUGH EXTRA DOUGH TODAY, THANKS! MOVE THET THAR OTHER PIECE OVER BY THE ELEVATOR, 'N WE'LL GIT GOIN'!

BLU BOLT

PAT

GOING UP!

SURE, POTNER.

THIS HERE ELEVATOR'S BIG ENOUGH.. LET'S PUT 'EM TOGETHER NOW!

GOING UP!

COME, FIFI.

ARF

NO SOONER SED THAN DONE..

HELP!.. MY FIFI! WHERE IS SHE?

YOUR WHO...WHAT?

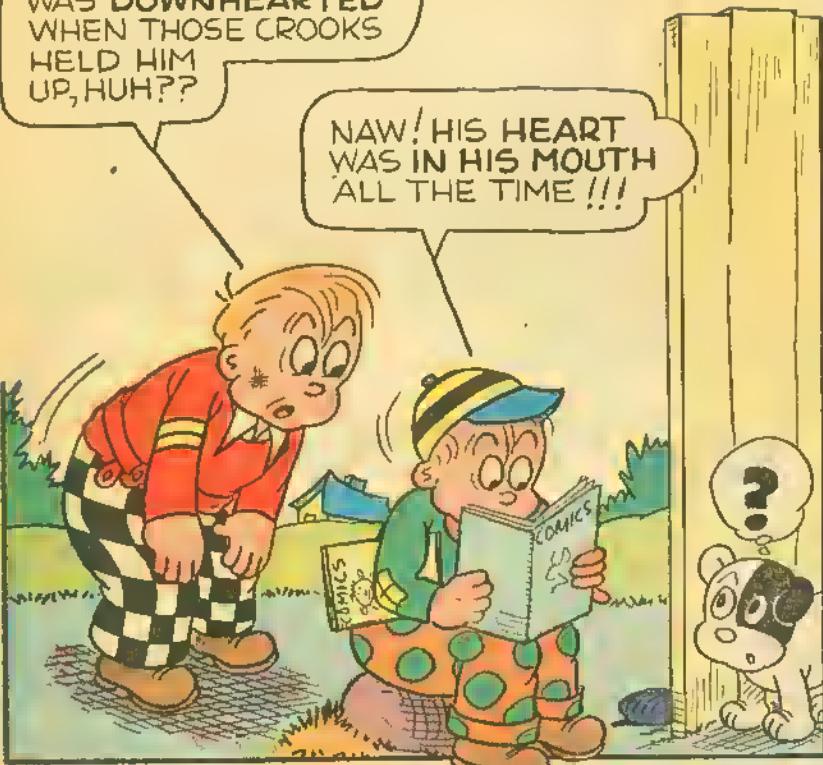
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WHICH GOES TO SHOW: SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR CAKE OR EAT IT EITHER! BUT THE BOYS PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER ENOUGH TO HIT THE ROAD NEXT TIME, IN THE BUMPY, LUMPY MOVIN' VAN... DON'T MISS 'EM NEXT ISSUE!

GEE, I BET YOUR POP
WAS DOWNHEARTED
WHEN THOSE CROOKS
HELD HIM
UP, HUH??

NAW! HIS HEART
WAS IN HIS MOUTH
ALL THE TIME !!!



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MUST YOU ALWAYS
ANSWER A QUESTION
BY ASKING ONE ???

DO I ???



WHY WOULD YOU RATHER
BE A DENTIST THAN AN
EAR DOCTOR WHEN
YOU GROW UP ???

'CAUSE PEOPLE HAVE
32 TEETH, BUT ONLY
TWO EARS !!!



WHERE DO
PINEAPPLES
COME FROM???

ER—FROM
PINE TREES!!



BLUE BOLT

Sergeant Spook

WHEN JERRY TOOK A JOB DELIVERING GROCERIES, HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS IN FOR A BASKETFUL OF ADVENTURE --- AND HAD A FLAIR FOR FINDING TROUBLE!

Art by
DON RICO

DELIVERING GROCERIES FOR MR. MYERS IS FUN!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE YOUR JOB, JERRY... BUT THIS IS A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD!

I GUESS IT IS... BUT NO ONE WILL BOTHER ME! I'M JUST DOING MY JOB!

BUT YOU WORK ALONE AND MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE! TAKE THIS FLARE AND SEND IT UP IF YOU NEED ME!

THERE'S A RUMOR THAT THE HARKINS JEWEL THIEVES ARE HIDING OUT DOWN HERE! THEY PULLED A JOB LAST MONTH AT RIFFONY'S JEWELRY STORE AND THEY'RE PROBABLY PLANNING ANOTHER!



OH, BOY, SPOOK! DO YOU THINK THEY'RE REALLY IN THIS PART OF TOWN?

I'M AFRAID SO! AND THEY'RE BAD MEN, JERRY!



WHAT DO THEY LOOK LIKE?

MIKE HARKINS, THE BRAINS OF THE GANG, HAS RED HAIR, AND HIS TWIN BROTHER LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIM! THE THIRD BROTHER IS CALLED SCARFACE-- HE HAS A LONG, JAGGED SCAR RUNNING ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD!

YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY'D RECOGNIZE THEM EASILY!

THAT'S THE POINT! THEY SLIPPED UP ON THEIR LAST JOB! SCARFACE'S DISGUISE FELL OFF, AND THE

I GO THIS WAY! SO LONG, SPOOK!

I'M GOING TO SNOOP AROUND, AND SEE IF I CAN FIND THEIR HIDEOUT... BE CAREFUL, JERRY!

IDENTIFIED THE PICTURE AT HEADQUARTERS! IT'S IN THE MORNING PAPERS!



NOT FAR AWAY-- I WISH DE GRUB AN' PAPER'D GET HERE! I WANNA SEE IF DERE'S ANYTHING ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S JOB IN IT!

YOU'RE SOME PUNK, LOSIN' YER DISGUISE LIKE DAT! WHAT IF DE DELIVERY KID RECOGNIZES YA?

FERGET IT! NOBODY SAW ME BUT DAT OLD GEEZER I SLUGGED-- AN' I THINK I TOOK CARE OF HIM!

YEAH-- BUT THERE'S NO SENSE TAKIN' CHANCES!



QUESTION No. 11. What sports announcer frequently refers to himself as the "Old Redhead"?



DIS IS
GONNA BE
DA BIGGEST
JOB WE
EVER
PULLED!

YEAH!

AND WE
KIN RETIRE
ON DE ICE
WE PICK
UP TONIGHT!

HERE'S DE PLAN! DE VAN HUESEN
COSTUME BALL STARTS AT EIGHT!
WE'LL GIT DERE AT NINE WIO OUR
MASKS AN' WIGS AN' DRESSEO AS
HOBOS! AT NINE-THOITY ALL DE
SWELLS WILL BE DERE,
READY TO HAND OVER
THEIR DIAMONDS AND
JEWELS TO US-- WID
JUST A LITTLE
PERSUASION!



MEANWHILE, JERRY HAS WORKED
THE FLARE OUT OF HIS POCKET,
AND TOSSES IT INTO THE STOVE!

THERE! I HOPE
SPOOK SEES THE
SMOKE!

LOOKS LIKE
A FIRE! I'D
BETTER
SEE WHAT'S
UP!

HEY!
DE JOINT'S
ON FIRE!
LET'S GET
OUTA
HERE!
DAT'LL
FINISH
DE KID,
AN' SAVE
US DE
TROUBLE!



SPOOK!
HELP!

JERRY!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

Three
HOURS
LATER--

HE'S COMING
TO! WHEW!
I THOUGHT
THE KID WAS
DONE FOR!

WHO--- WHERE
HEY!! WHAT
TIME IS IT?



IT'S A QUARTER
TO NINE, SON!
HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!
COME ON,
SPOOK!

WE'VE GOT TO
NOTIFY THE POLICE!
THE HARKINS GANG
IS PLANNING A
ROBBERY FOR
NINE-THIRTY!

STOP THAT KID!
HE'S DELIRIOUS!

FASTER,
JERRY! HE'S
GAINING
ON US!



AT THE POLICE STATION ---

... AND THE HARKINS GANG
IS ARRIVING AT MRS. VAN
HUESEN'S HOUSE RIGHT
NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING!

SERGEANT,
THIS CHILD
IS DELIRIOUS!

NOW, MY LAD, YOU JUST
GO HOME AND GET SOME
REST! YOU'RE STILL GROGGY
FROM THAT SMOKE! NOW...
GET ALONG!



WHAT'LL
WE DO
NOW?
THEY
WON'T
BELIEVE
ME!

WE'LL HAVE
TO TAKE
CARE OF THE
HARKINSSES
OURSELVES,
AND WE
HAVEN'T MUCH
TIME!
COME ON!



AT THE VAN HUESEN MANSION ---

WE'VE GOT
TO SEE MRS. VAN
HUESEN RIGHT
AWAY! THERE ARE
JEWEL THIEVES AT
HER PARTY!

YES?



GO AWAY,
CHILD! WE'RE
TOO BUSY
FOR PRANKS
TONIGHT!

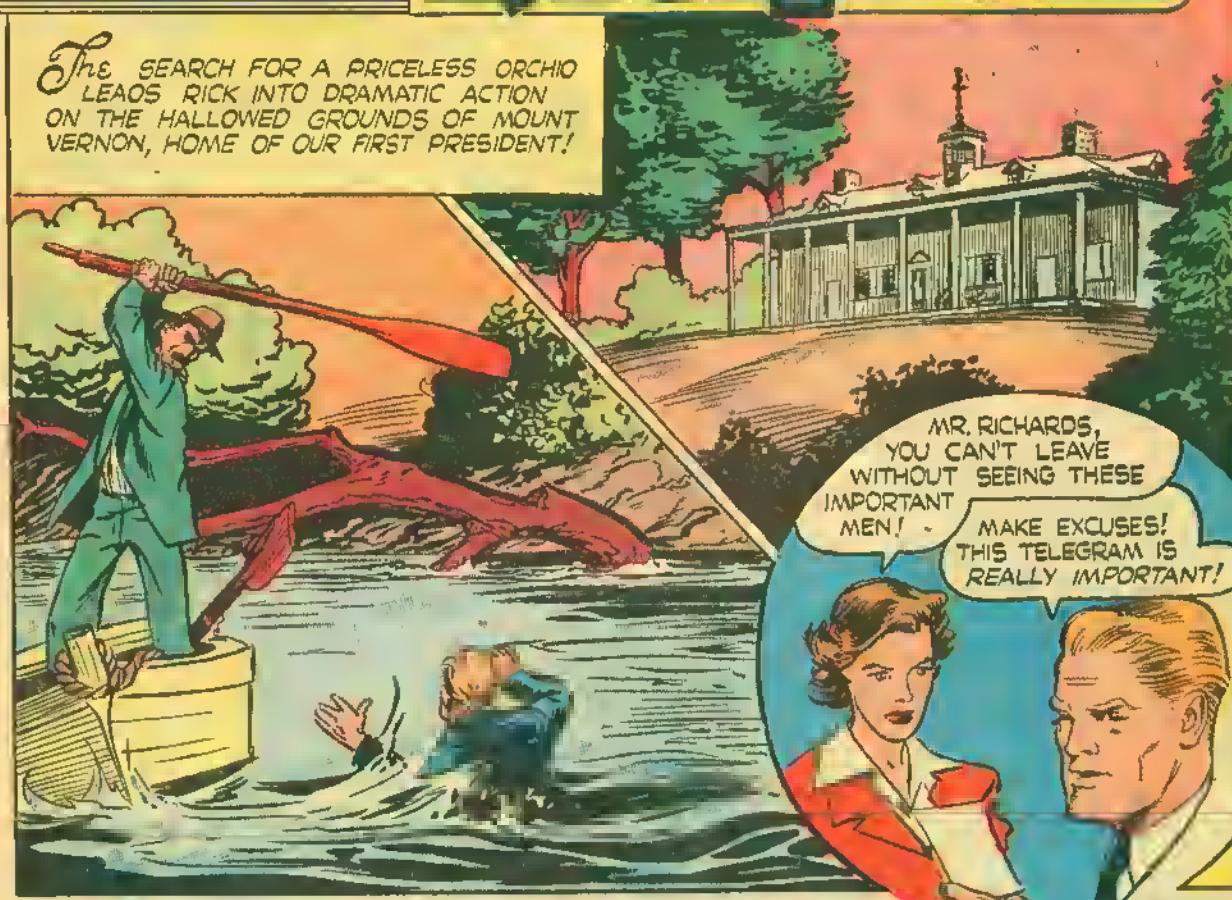
WE'LL GO
AROUND
TO THE SIDE,
JERRY---
THERE MAY
BE A
WINDOW
OPEN!





Rick Richards

The SEARCH FOR A PRICELESS ORCHID LEADS RICK INTO DRAMATIC ACTION ON THE HALLOWED GROUNDS OF MOUNT VERNON, HOME OF OUR FIRST PRESIDENT!



MOSE LINCOLN, MY SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD PROTEGE, HAS MADE A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY---ORCHIDS!



WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT ORCHIDS--EXCEPT THAT MY BOY FRIEND CAN'T AFFORD THEM!



HIS NEW TROPICAL ORCHID WILL GROW IN OUR OWN BACK YARDS!

GOLLY! IF THIS MEANS I'LL FINALLY GET ORCHIDS FROM ROGER, I'M ALL FOR IT!



STRANGE--MOSE IS USUALLY OUT TO GREET ME!



HASTY FLIGHT BRINGS RICK TO THE VIRGINIA FARM OF MOSE LINCOLN!

SOMEBODY DOWN THERE IS IN A BIG HURRY TO LEAVE!



MOSE!!



RICK---THEY GOT IT! THEY STOLE THE ORCHID SEED!

WHO TOOK IT?



I DON'T KNOW! I WAS SLUGGED FROM BEHIND!

ARE THESE PINK PETALS FROM YOUR FLOWERS, MOSE?



HMM---THEY COME FROM COWLY CARNATIONS---A NEW FLOWER BEING PUSHED BY ASPER NIGHTSHADE! HE MAKES ALL HIS EMPLOYEES WEAR 'EM!

ASPER NIGHTSHADE, EH?



QUESTION No. 13. What state in the U. S. is called the Old Dominion?

PINK PETALS
WON'T HOLD IN
COURT AS
EVIDENCE AGAINST
NIGHTSHADE!

NO, BUT MAYBE A
LITTLE SCOUTING WILL
TURN UP THE TRUTH!



THE BOSS HAS GOT A
SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID!
WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE
ON IT!

AND I'LL MAKE
A FORTUNE OF
TROUBLE FOR YOU!



SPYING ON NIGHTSHADE IS
DANGEROUS, BOY! TAKE THIS
OLD SILVER DOLLAR FOR LUCK!

THANKS, MOSE
--BUT SCRAM
BEFORE
NIGHTSHADE
SPIES YOU!



SOON--

GOT A JOB FOR ME,
MISTER?

HMM! A
PINK CARNATION!

YOU LOOK HUSKY ENOUGH
FOR FIELD WORK, PAL!

RICK STARTS HIS WORK AS FIELD HAND.

I'M SURE NIGHTSHADE
STOLE MOSE'S ORCHID--
BUT HOW CAN I GET
IT BACK?

PSSST--
RICK!



BUT RICK'S WARNING IS TOO LATE!

WHO'S THAT LABORER MOSE
LINCOLN'S TALKING TO? MUST
BE A SPY!



FIND OUT WHO THAT GUY IS--
AND DON'T BE POLITE ABOUT IT!



GREETINGS, STRANGER!
SIT DOWN AND TAKE IT
EASY!



GREAT SCOTT!
IT'S RICK RICHARDS!

ULP! HE'S A TOUGH
GUY TO MESS
WITH, BOSS!

THERE'LL BE NO MESS!
LUG HIM INTO THE GREEN-
HOUSE, AND GET SOME
BLANKETS!

BLANKETS! ON A
HOT DAY LIKE THIS?



WITH THE TEMPERATURE
UP TO 150 DEGREES, AND
THOSE BLANKETS AROUND
HIM, HE WON'T LAST LONG!

YOU MUST BE
GOIN' SOFT TO
MAKE HIM SO
COMFORTABLE!

IT'S NO COMFORT,
IDIOT, TO DIE OF
HEATSTROKE!

THIS IS A PERFECT
MURDER--NO MARKS
OF VIOLENCE! ANY
DOCTOR WILL HAVE
TO ADMIT HE DIED
OF HEATSTROKE!



YOU'LL GET
THE HOT SEAT
FOR THIS,
NIGHTSHADE!

OH, NO--YOU WILL! I'M
LEAVING NOW TO ESTABLISH AN
ALIBI, BY MINGLING WITH THE
TOURISTS AT MOUNT VERNON!

I'LL BE THERE, OBSERVED
BY HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE, AT
THE VERY MOMENT
YOU DIE! AND I'LL
HAVE THE PRECIOUS ORCHID
SEED WITH ME!

RUN ALONG,
HATCHET-HEAD.
IT'S GETTING
STUFFY
IN HERE!

RICK STRUGGLES HELPLESSLY
AGAINST HIS BONDS AND THE
SCORING TEMPERATURE--

NO USE! I'M WEAKENING! NOT A
CHANCE OF ESCAPING--UNLESS I
CAN CATAPOULT SOME ROCKS TO
STIMULATE THAT WACKY
ADRENAL GLAND OF MINE
WITH A SUDDEN SHARP
NOISE!

ROCK BREAKS A PANE. RICK
IS SUDDENLY STRENGTHENED BY A
RUSH OF ADRENALIN THROUGH HIS
BODY! HE BREAKS ALL HIS BONDS.

CRACK!
AH! AFTER I CATCH
NIGHTSHADE AND GET THE
ORCHID, I'LL SIT INSIDE
AN ICEBOX FOR TWO
HOURS!

WHERE DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING?
I'M BOUND FOR
MOUNT VERNON,
CHUM!

RATHER CHIC, DON'T YOU THINK?
JUST LIKE YOUR WIVES WEAR,
NO DOUBT!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO
VISIT MOUNT VERNON--AND
NOW I CAN COMBINE
BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!

NIGHTSHADE IS PROBABLY
IN THE MIDST OF THE BIGGEST
GROUP OF PEOPLE, CONGRAT-
ULATING HIMSELF ON
HIS CLEVERNESS!



NO!...NO!
IT CAN'T
BE---

GREETINGS, COOK! I
HOPPED OUT OF YOUR
OVEN A BIT TOO SOON,
BUT I'M NOT SO HALF-BAKED
THAT YOU'LL TRICK ME
ANY MORE!

HAND OVER THE
SEED BEFORE I
PLANT ONE ON
YOUR JAW!



CAD! HOW DARE
YOU STEAL
THIS HALLOWED
PROPERTY!

ULP! I UNDER-
STAND! NIGHT-
SHADE'S
TRICKERY!

WHAT A
DISGRACE!

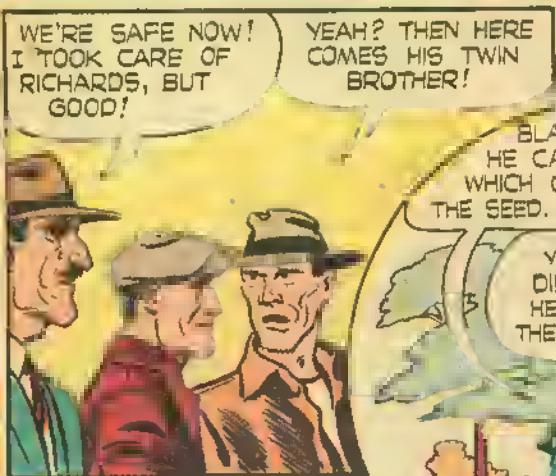
WE DON'T
GO FOR THAT
STUFF, MUG!

SOME
OTHER TIME,
MEN! THIS
IS ALL A
MISTAKE!

HOW'D YOU LIKE A
PUNCH IN THE SNOOT?



QUESTION
No. 15. Was George Washington born at Mount Vernon?



BLAST IT! BUT
HE CAN'T BE SURE
WHICH ONE OF US CARRIES
THE SEED. BREAK UP!

SPLITTING UP, ARE THEY?
THAT WON'T HELP THEM!

YEAH! WE'LL GO IN
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!
HE MAY CATCH ONE, BUT
THE OTHER TWO WILL ESCAPE!



THIS SURVEYOR'S CHAIN IS
HELPING ME TO SURVEY THE
CONTENTS OF YOUR
POCKETS!

HALP!

MOMENT LATER--

WELL, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE
ORCHID SEED, BUT THERE'S
STILL TIME TO CATCH
THE OTHERS.

I'LL CROSS THE
RIVER, SHAKE THAT LEECH,
AND GO TO THE CAPITOL TO
REGISTER THE ORCHID IN MY
NAME! RICHARDS WON'T HAVE
A CHANCE, THEN!

I'VE GOT TO GET NIGHTSHADE
MIGHTY FAST! HE'S TOO TRICKY
TO LET ALONE!

I BEEN
WAITIN' FOR
YOU!

TSK! TSK! SUCH MANNERS!
NEVER HOLD A FORK LIKE
THAT! IT ISN'T POLITE!

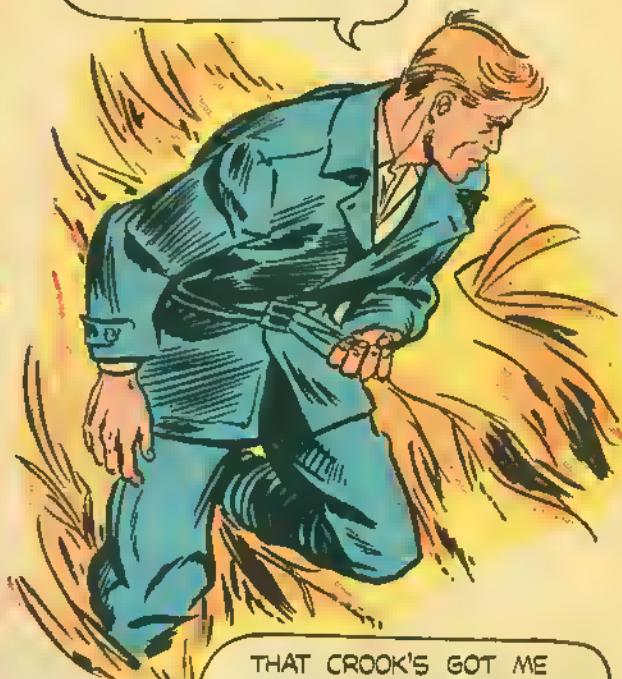
UGH!

THIS STACK MUST WEIGH
TONS--AND THAT IS HAY!

WAIT'LL I GET
DIS FORK OUT!

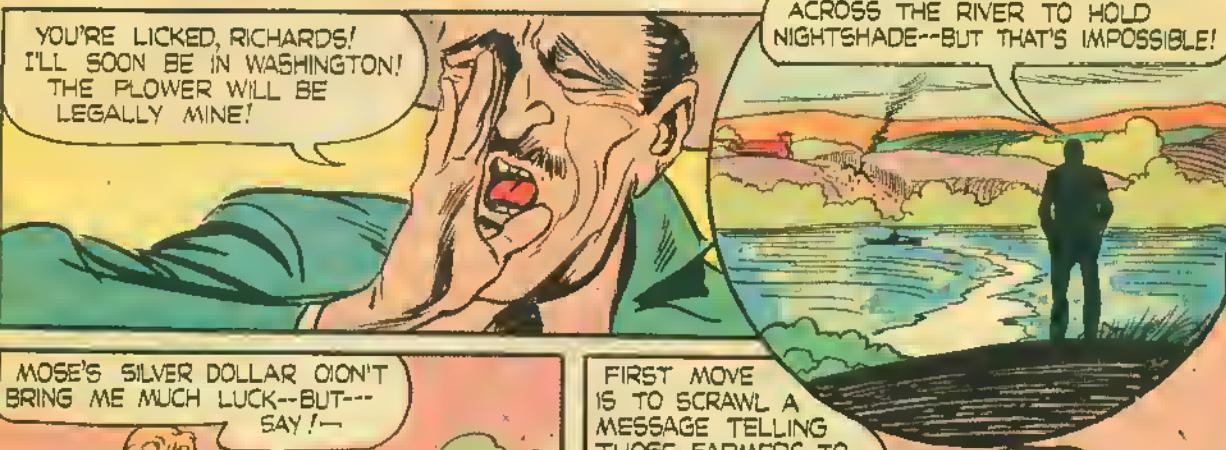
SORRY, I CAN'T
WAIT! HAVE SOME
HAY!

NIGHTSHADE'S GOT A BIG HEAD-
START ON ME NOW! I CAN'T CATCH
HIM BY SWIMMING!



YOU'RE LICKED, RICHARDS!
I'LL SOON BE IN WASHINGTON!
THE PLOWER WILL BE
LEGALLY MINE!

THAT CROOK'S GOT ME
LICKED UNLESS I CAN GET
A MESSAGE TO THOSE FARMERS
ACROSS THE RIVER TO HOLD
NIGHTSHADE--BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



FIRST MOVE
IS TO SCROWL A
MESSAGE TELLING
THOSE FARMERS TO
STOP NIGHTSHADE
FROM LANING!



AND NOW TO WRAP THE NOTE AROUND THE SILVER DOLLAR AND FASTEN IT WITH A RUBBER BAND!



GEORGE WASHINGTON
ONCE THREW A SILVER DOLLAR ACROSS A RIVER,
AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GIVE OUT WITH A TOSS
JUST AS GOOD!

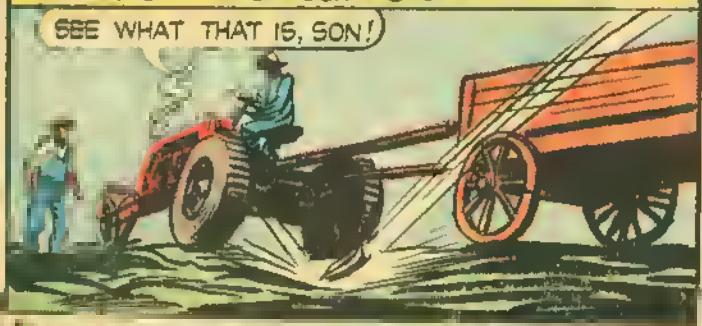


IT LOOKS MIGHTY FAR
TO THAT OTHER BANK!



RICK'S POWERFUL HEAVE LANDS THE SILVER DOLLAR ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE!

SEE WHAT THAT IS, SON!



MINUTE LATER, NIGHTSHADE IS
GREETED BY A GRIM COMMITTEE!

YOU AIN'T LANDING HERE, YOU CROOK!
WE JUST GOT A MESSAGE, PLUMB
OUT O' THE SKY!

GIVE ME A HAND!



BLAST THE IDIOTS! NOW I'LL
HAVE TO SNEAK TO THE OTHER
SHORE!

BETTER
REST YOUR
CARS, BUB!



RICHARDS, YOU INHUMAN
BEAST! I'LL CLUB YOU TO
DEATH!

NOT THIS TIME, NIGHTSHADE--
YOU'RE NOT THE CLUBBY TYPE!





TWO-TON O'TOOLE

HIYA,
BOSS!

TWO-TON!
GET RIGHT OUT
OF THAT WHEEL-
BARROW! WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT MACHINERY
!!

THAT'S THE LAST
I'M GONNA PUT UP
WITH FROM YOU -
IF I CATCH YOU
DOING ANY MORE
SILLY THINGS,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
FIND YOURSELF
A NEW MANAGER.

THINK OF YOUR REPUTATION!
WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY!-
"TWO-TON O'TOOLE, THE
RENNED PUGILIST, WAS
LAST SEEN BEING PUSHED
AROUND IN A WHEEL-
BARROW!"

I ONEY DONE
IT BECAUSE I
WON A BET,
BOSS...

BAH!
THAT'S
A POOR
EXCUSE.

I'M GOING IN HERE
FOR A MINUTE - NOW
DON'T LET ME FIND YOU
IN ANY MISCHIEF
WHEN I COME
OUT -

TAILS,
I
WIN!

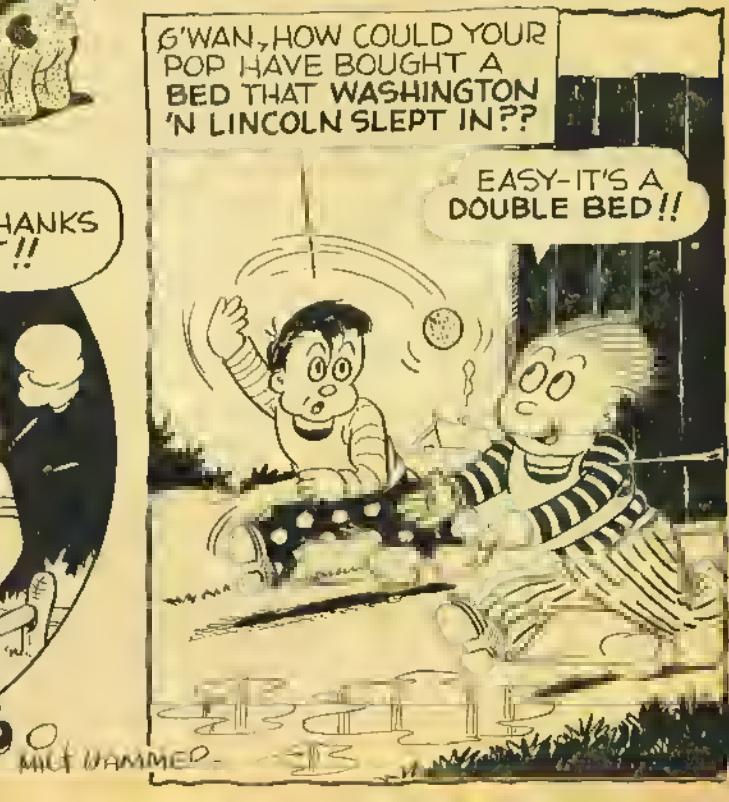
OKAY!

WELL, I'LL
BE @★!!!

CAN I HELP IT, BOSS,
THAT I WON ANOTHER
BET!

ART
HELFANT

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



6 GREAT "COMICS"

Dozens of comic magazines are on the newsstands every month. How can you choose the ones that will give the most pleasure?

READ here about six of the best. See which looks best to you. Then go to the newsstand and ask for the one you want. Don't be confused.



FRISKY FABLES

The delight of youngsters and grown-ups alike. Chock-full of picture stories and adventures featuring lots of new playmates. Look for Neddy Beer on the cover of **FRISKY FABLES**. Let him introduce you to his friends Icicle Ike, Spunk, those mischievous kittens, Trick, Tack and Toe, and many others. **FRISKY** is easy to recognize on the newsstand. Look for the checkerboard strip on the left side of the cover.

TARGET COMICS

Kit Carter the Cadet, an old favorite of many comic book readers, is still leading **TARGET COMICS**. A brand-new thriller has been added, Gary Stark. Gary seeks and finds adventure in all parts of the world. These are only two of many exciting features in **TARGET**. For fun and increased knowledge, be sure and do the questions and answers at the bottom of the pages.

YOUNG KING COLE

Meet Dick Cole's cousin, Young King Cole, detective master mind who solves many baffling crimes with the help of his associates. Boys and girls young and old like to read how Toni Gayle, glamorous model, escapes peril after peril by her clever detecting. Homer K. Beagle and Inspector Kloog will a laugh a minute into detective work. Be wise and get the detective comic with the Y's on the side-strip.

4MOST

Where can you find in one magazine the four favorite stories you find in **TARGET** and **BLUE BOLT**? Did you say, "In **4MOST**"? You're right! Buy a copy at your newsstand and read Dick Cole, Cadet and Edison Bell stories of extra length. Then be surprised at which picture story is the 4th-MOST popular feature. The Q's and A's (questions and answers) are in **4MOST** too.

BLUE BOLT

Dick Cole and his pals at Farr Military Academy have long been top favorites among comic book readers. Farr's school campus is the scene of exciting stories of sports and adventure. High on the list of **BLUE BOLT** "musts" is Edison Bell. You will find construction plans for games, boats, and other things to make on Edison Bell's gadget page. Don't forget to play the Q and A game in **BLUE BOLT**.

HUMDINGER

For many years, readers followed adventures of Speck, Spot and Sis in **TARGET COMICS**. These popular neighborhood kids invited old and new readers to go "Humming along with **HUMDINGER**" and meet many new friends. See how Vic and Ventura can lead you through the pages of history as they relive thrilling scenes of long ago. By popular request, Q's and A's will soon be added to **HUMDINGER**.

All published by a leader in the comic magazine field.



THE PREMIUM GROUP OF COMICS

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